

SOME
EJACULATIONS
AND

Dying Words

OF THE LATE REVEREND
MR. JOHN WILLISON,
MINISTER of the GOSPEL at DUNDEE.



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Dying Words to his Wife and Children.

To his Wife



MY DEAR,

MY distress calls me to think of parting with you, the will of the Lord be done, I thank you for your tender care of me, may the Lord bless and reward you for it, and sanctify your own tenderness, and support you under it. As you have studied to live a life of faith and prayer all your days, so I hope and believe you will continue to the end. In all your difficulties and fears encourage yourself in the Lord your God. Commit your way to him; trust him that is faithful and true. I resign you, my dear, to the HUSBAND of Husbands, our dearest Lord Jesus Christ.

To his CHILDREN.

DEAR Children, your earthly father must leave you, your heavenly Father is immortal. O cleave fast to him. Trifle not about your soul's concerns in time of health; mind these things as the one thing needful; this you will not repent of when you come with a nearer view of death and endless eternity. O Sirs! press for clear views of your interest in Christ, the only surety and saviour of sinners. Among other evidences of it, live by faith on him, and study holiness in heart and life. Dear Sirs, think how you will be able to stand before Christ your Judge at the last day, unless you have Christ's image on you, and be made new creatures. Lord, make you all such, and bless you with his best blessing! My blessing be upon you all.—What means God gave me I have bestowed them on you, be kind and careful of your mother while you have her. And let none of you forget, that though I go before you all to the dust, you must all quickly follow me. O that we may all meet together at the right hand of our blessed Redeemer, to see his face, and sing his praise. The time is near be ye therefore all ready.

Now, my dear wife and children, remember what is above, as the words of your affectionate husband,

eth to you for your eternal good and happiness; may
they sink into your heart: So prayeth,

JOHN WILLISON.

Some of his DYING EJACULATIONS.

O Let me sleep in Jesus! I would not live always
in this evil world, that has little in it tempting,
and seems still to grow worse, and where the torrent
of sin and backsliding seems to grow stronger.

I would desire to depart and be with Christ, which
is far better than to be here. I am willing rather to
be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.
Whom have I in heaven but thee; and there is none
upon earth I desire besides thee; for tho' my heart,
strength and flesh fail, yet the Lord will be the
strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

Now, Lord what wait I for, my hope is in thee
I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord.

O for Simson's frame, to be saying, 'Lord, let
test thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eye
have seen thy salvation.'

When Christ says, surely I come quickly; may my
soul answer, Even so come Lord Jesus.

I am living on the righteousness of Christ, yea, d-
ying in the Lord. Even so come. I am detained he-
upon the shore, waiting for a fair wind to carry m-
over this Jordan. I have waited, and will wait for
thy salvation, O Lord. The Lord is a rock, and h-
work is perfect; Lord, perfect what concerneth m-

O that I could say with Paul, The time of m-
departure is at hand. I have kept the faith, I hav-
run my race, I have finished my course; hencefort-
is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which th-
righteous Lord will give me at his coming.

I am vile and polluted, O how shall I be cleansed.
But that is a comfortable promise. 'The blood of
Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' And
so is that, 'Though ye have lain among the pots, y-
shall be as doves, whose wings are covered with-silv-
and their feathers with yellow gold.'

I resolve to obey, to submit to the Lord's will, to die like Moses and Aaron, the one at mount Hor, and the other at mount Abarim, they went up and died there at the command of the Lord.

O that when my flesh and strength fail, God may be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. When now the keepers of the house do tremble, O that God may be the keeper; when the grinders cease, because they are few, O that God would feed my soul with manna that will need none of these employments; when the daughters of music are brought low, O to be fitted for the heavenly music above: when the lookers out at the windows are darkened, O that my soul may be enlightened to see Jesus my Redeemer.

Lord help the unbelief and infidelity of my heart, and help me to more of the faith of a risen Jesus, an ascended Redeemer. O let me believe and feel the sweetness of that word of Christ, 'I ascend to my Father and your Father, and to your God and my God.'

O how shall such an unholy creature as I presume to enter into such a pure and holy place! But the apostle has taught us, we may have boldness to enter into the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus.

O that when the time of my last combat comes, with my last enemy Death, I may be helped above all to take the shield of faith, whereby I may be relieved from the sting of death, and may quench the fiery darts of the wicked one.

O that I may be helped to adore the sovereignty of God, kiss his rod, and humbly submit to it. Save me from both extremities; let me never despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when I am rebuked of him.

Now the prince of darkness will study to raise tempests of temptation to shipwreck the poor weather-beaten vessel of my soul, when it would enter into the harbour of rest above; may Christ come to the pilot's seat at the helm, and it shall be safe.

O for more of it, that my faith ripen to a full assurance, that I may go forth in the name of the Lord.

that abundant entrance may be ministered to me into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

O for more faith, that I may die like Simeon when he had Christ in his arms, saying, Now let thy servant depart in peace, mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

Lord, one smile of thy countenance would banish away all my doubts and fears, and make me sing in pain.

Is my Redeemer gone to prepare a place for me? why should I be slothful to follow his footsteps, when he is saying, Come up hither: come up, dwell here? come up, reign here; come up, sing here.

O Lord deliver my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. O save me from the horrible pit, draw me out of the miry clay, set my feet upon a rock, and establish my goings, and put a new song into my mouth.

O give me grace to strive by faith and prayer to enter in at the strait gate. Lord thou has bid me knock and it shall be opened, ask and ye shall find, Lord, I knock, open unto me; I should be in, I must be in, let me but in over the threshold: let me within sight of my Redeemer's face, within hearing of the songs of the redeemed, let me get to the outside of that praising company; I'll be well enough if I get in.

Lord in I must be, out I cannot stay: O shut me not out with swearers, sabbath-breakers, and profane persons; Lord I never chused their company while in this world. Lord do not gather my soul with sinners hereafter.

The redeemed are gathering, and the wicked are gathering; Lord gather me with thy flock; they are fast a-gathering; the church's head is gone; he has left the earth and entered into his glory; my brethren and friends many of them have arrived where he is; I am yet behind. O how great is the difference betwixt my state and theirs. I am groaning out my complaint, they are singing God's praise; I am in darkness, and cannot see thy face, but they behold thee

face to face. O should I be satisfied to stay behind when my friends are gone; Shall I wander here in a hungry desert, when they are triumphing above, and dividing the spoil? O help me to look after them with a stedfast eye, and cry, O Lord, how long.

O heavenly Father, draw me after Jesus, for none can come to him without thy aid. O Father draw me up there where he is, and I will mount up as on eagle's wings. O draw me, and when thou seemest, to fly from me, Lord enable me to follow hard after thee.

Lord give me the staff of promise in my hand, that I may go over Jordan with it. O give me such a promise as that, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'

Lord, my experiences are small, my manifestations are few; these I will not lean to; yet I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, from the Hermonites, and from the hill of Mizar. Why art thou cast down O my soul, and why disquieted within me. Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

O thou who remembredest the dying thief, when on the way to thy kingdom. O remember me when now seated in thy kingdom, and say to my soul when I am dying, 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'

Lord, I am called to the work I never did, O give me the strength I never had. O strengthen me like Samson for once when at death, to pull down the strong holds of sin in me. Lord wash away my sins in the blood of Christ, and then my soul shall not sink in the ocean of thy wrath.

O what is my life but a vapour! a sand glass of 60 or 70 years! O how fast doth it run down! how soon runs it out. Vain, vain is the love of life, and the fear of death. O for more patience and less fretting. If I had hope of being saved from hell after

1000 years of my pain how willingly would they endure it. Blessed be God, my pains are not hell, their state is not mine.

Lord, draw near to me and save me; my body is full of trouble, and my life draws near to the grave. But, Lord, thy loving-kindness is better than life. O, make thy loving-kindness sure to me, and I will willingly part with this dying life.

Oh, that I could make all the world see the beauty of my precious and adorable Saviour.

Nothing but an interest in Christ can give peace in life, or comfort in death. He is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. My body is in pain, dead, but I know I cannot die eternally, while Jesus lives. I must go down to the grave; but what is the grave? It is but a refining pot, since my Saviour lay in it, it is but a bed of roses. 'He is the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley.'

It was his free grace that drew me, and made me willing in the day of his power; no desire, no merit in me, it was all free and undeserved.

O let the chastisement of my body be the medicine of my soul, to cure me of sin, and bring me to sincere repentance for it: For Christ was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was laid upon him.

Lord, remember the chastisement of Christ for sin, and let my pains be the chastisement of a father, and not the wounds of an enemy. Let Christ's sufferings mitigate mine.

I rejoice in the prospect of that glorious inheritance reserved safe. I could not comfortably enter eternity any other way but in and through this God-man mediator; if he was not God as well as man, I could not be supported, but he is God.

Oh, this precious Saviour, he is my all in all, he is my all-sufficient good, my portion and my choice, in him my vast desires are fulfilled, and all my powers rejoice, I am travelling through a wilderness to a city of habitation, whose builder and maker is God.

Oh, delightful thought! that I who was going on in sin, should be plucked as a brand out of the burning. Oh, how will they ly on a death-bed that are nothing but their own works to fly to, with only this to depend on, I should be the most miserable of all creatures, but the long white robe of my Redeemer's righteousness is all my desire. They are truly blessed, they alone are happy, who are enabled to exult in the garments of celestial glory, which never waxeth old, in the illustrious robes of a Saviour's consummate righteousness, which are incomparable and immortal. This is a robe which hides every sin of thought, word or deed, that I have committed. O how unspeakably happy are they who are justified by this all perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and who therein can constantly triumph and glory.

Lord, I live upon Christ, I live upon his righteousness, I live upon his blood and merit; yea, I die also living wholly upon this bottom. It is not past experiences or manifestations I depend upon: it is Christ, my sufficient Saviour and perfect righteousness, in whom I look to. All my attainments are but dust and dung besides. When I find myself polluted, I go to this fountain for cleansing: Lord, give me delight in approaching to thee; delight to be at the foot of grace. O that I could make my bed here, and die there.

The Kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force. O for strength to offer a holy violence by faith and prayer.

Thus the author died as he lived, testifying the power of religion upon himself: and that at a time when men have most need of its comfort. The foregoing words are transcribed from his own manuscript, and at the time of this being first published, in the hands of Mr. BELL, minister at Aberbrothick.